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Many of our WEB visitors look around our site, but do not leave us word that they are interested in our association. This is fine, but the problem is that we cannot get to them the information about the benefits of being associated with the 601st-615th ACW Association. Benefits such as newsletters, information about future reunions and activities, and other pertinent information relating to the Association.

It is very easy to leave us a message. As a matter-of-fact, our web site has the means to allow the visitor to leave a message. Automatically, this message is sent to those individuals involved in the administration of the Association.

We maintain a database of all those members of the 601st and 615th ACWRONs that we found after years and years of research. Although it is not our procedure to release names to members, associations, and/or commercial agencies, we could reroute your email to your buddy for his/her immediate action. It will be up to your buddy to answer you.

Take time and let us know about you, your family, and your interests. If possible, please help us to continue the publication of our web site and this newsletter with articles, photos, or whatever information you may deemed of interest to all. Why not make your Association something special?



See you in Tucson, Az in 2014!

"You're In God's Hands Now..."

The 21-year old American B-17 pilot glanced outside his cockpit and froze. He blinked hard and looked again, hoping it was just a mirage. But his co-pilot stared at the same horrible vision. "My God, this is a nightmare," the co-pilot said. "He's going to destroy us," the pilot agreed. The men were looking at a gray German Messerschmitt fighter hovering just three feet off their wingtip. It was five days before Christmas 1943, and the fighter had closed in on their crippled B-17 bomber for the kill. Brown's Crippled B-17 stalked by Stigler's ME-109

The B-17 pilot, Charles Brown, was a West Virginia farm boy on his first combat mission. His bomber had been shot to pieces by swarming fighters, and his plane was alone, struggling to stay in the skies above Germany. Half his crew was wounded, and the tail gunner was dead. His blood frozen in icicles over the machine guns.



Lt Charles Brown

But when Brown and his co-pilot, Spencer "Pinky" Luke, looked at the fighter pilot again, something odd happened. The German didn't pull the trigger. He stared back at the bomber in amazement and respect. Instead of pressing the attack, he nodded at Brown and saluted. What happened next was one of the most remarkable acts of chivalry recorded during World War II.

USAAF Lt. Charles Brown was on his first combat mission during WW II when he met an enemy unlike any other.

Revenge, not honor, is what drove 2nd Lt. Franz Stigler to jump into his fighter that chilly December day. Stigler wasn't just any fighter pilot. He was an ace. One more kill and he would win The Knight's Cross, German's highest award for valor.

Yet Stigler was driven by something deeper than glory. His older brother, August, was a fellow Luftwaffe pilot who had been killed earlier in the war. American pilots had killed Stigler's comrades and were bombing his country's cities. Stigler was standing near his fighter on a German's airbase when he heard a bomber's engine. Looking up, he saw a B-17 flying so low it looked like it was going to land. As the bomber disappeared behind some trees, Stigler tossed his cigarette aside, saluted a ground crewman and took off in pursuit.

As Stigler's fighter rose to meet the bomber, he decided to attack it from behind. He climbed behind the sputtering bomber, squinted into his gun sight and placed his hand on the trigger. He was about to fire when he hesitated. He was baffled. No one in the bomber fired at him. He looked closer at the tail gunner. He was still, his white fleece collar soaked with blood. Stigler craned his neck to examine the rest of the bomber. Its skin had been peeled away by shells, its guns knocked out. One propeller wasn't turning. Smoke trailed from another engine. He could see men huddled inside the shattered plane tending the wounds of other crewmen.

Then he nudged his plane alongside the bomber's wings and locked eyes with the pilot whose eyes were wide with shock and horror. Luftwaffe Major Franz Stigler pressed his hand over the rosary he kept in his flight jacket. He eased his index finger off the trigger. He couldn't shoot. It would be murder.

Stigler wasn't just motivated by vengeance that day. He also lived by a code. He could trace his family's ancestry to knights in 16th century Europe. He had once studied to be a priest. A German pilot who spared the enemy, though, risked death in Nazi Germany if someone reported him. Yet Stigler could also hear the voice of his commanding officer, who once told him: "You follow the rules of war for you -- not your enemy. You fight by rules to keep your humanity."

Alone with the crippled bomber, Stigler changed his mission. He nodded at the American pilot and began flying in formation so German anti-aircraft gunners on the ground wouldn't shoot down the slow-moving bomber. Stigler escorted the bomber over the North Sea and took one last look at the American pilot. Then he saluted him, peeled his fighter away and returned to Germany.

"Good luck," Stigler said to himself. "You're in God's hands now..." Franz Stigler didn't think the big B-17 could make it back to England and wondered for years what happened to the American pilot and crew he encountered in combat.

As he watched the German fighter peel away that December day, 2nd Lt. Charles Brown wasn't thinking of the philosophical connection between enemies. He was thinking of survival. He flew his crippled plane, filled with wounded, back to his base in England and landed with one of four engines knocked out, one failing and barely any fuel left. After his bomber came to a stop, he leaned back in his chair and put a hand over a pocket Bible he kept in his flight jacket. Then he sat in silence.

Brown flew more missions before the war ended. Life moved on. He got married, had two daughters, supervised foreign aid for the U.S. State Department during the Vietnam War and eventually retired to Florida.

Late in life, though, the encounter with the German pilot began to gnaw at him. He started having nightmares, but in his dream there would be no act of mercy. He would awaken just before his bomber crashed.

Brown took on a new mission: He had to find that German pilot. Who was he? Why did he save my life? He scoured military archives in the U.S. and England. He attended a pilots' reunion and shared his story. He finally placed an ad in a German newsletter for former Luftwaffe pilots, retelling the story and asking if anyone knew the pilot.

On January 18, 1990, Brown received a letter. He opened it and read: "Dear Charles, All these years I wondered what happened to that B-17, did she make it home? Did her crew survive their wounds? To hear of your survival has filled me with indescribable joy..."

It was Stigler.

He had left Germany after the war and moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1953. He became a prosperous businessman. Now retired, Stigler told Brown that he would be in Florida come summer and "it sure would be nice to talk about our encounter." Brown was so excited, though, that he couldn't wait to see Stigler. He called directory assistance for Vancouver and asked whether there was a number for a Franz Stigler. He dialed the number, and Stigler picked up.

"My God, it's you!" Brown shouted as tears ran down his cheeks. Brown had to do more. He wrote a letter to Stigler in which he said: "To say THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU on behalf of my surviving crew members and their families appears totally inadequate."

The two pilots would meet again, but this time in person, in the lobby of a Florida hotel. One of Brown's friends was there to record the summer reunion. Both men looked like retired businessmen: they were plump, sporting neat ties and formal shirts. They fell into each other's arms and wept and laughed. They talked about their encounter in a light, jovial tone.

The mood then changed. Someone asked Stigler what he thought about Brown. Stigler sighed and his square jaw tightened. He began to fight back tears before he said in heavily accented English: "I love you, Charlie."

Stigler had lost his brother, his friends and his country. He was virtually exiled by his countrymen after the war. Of the 28,000 pilots who fought for the German air force, only 1,200 survived. The war cost him everything. Charlie Brown was the only good thing that came out of World War II for Franz. It was the one thing he could be proud of. The meeting helped Brown as well, says his oldest daughter, Dawn Warner.

Brown and Stigler became pals. They would take fishing trips together. They would fly cross-country to each other's homes and take road trips together to share their story at schools and veterans' reunions. Their wives, Jackie Brown and Hiya Stigler, became friends. Brown's daughter says her father would worry about Stigler's health and constantly check in on him.

"It wasn't just for show," she says. "They really did feel for each other. They talked about once a week." As his friendship with Stigler deepened, something else happened to her father, Warner says "The nightmares went away."

Brown had written a letter of thanks to Stigler, but one day, he showed the extent of his gratitude. He organized a reunion of his surviving crew members, along with their extended families. He invited Stigler as a guest of honor.

During the reunion, a video was played showing all the faces of the people that now lived -- children, grandchildren, relatives -- because of Stigler's act of chivalry. Stigler watched the film from his seat of honor.

"Everybody was crying, not just him," Warner says.

Stigler and Brown died within months of each other in 2008. Stigler was 92, and Brown was 87. They had started off as enemies, became friends, and then something more.

After he died, Warner was searching through Brown's library when she came across a book on German fighter jets. Stigler had given the book to Brown. Both were country boys who loved to read about planes.

Warner opened the book and saw an inscription Stigler had written to Brown:

In 1940, I lost my only brother as a night fighter. On the 20th of December, 4 days before Christmas, I had the chance to save a B-17 from her destruction, a plane so badly damaged it was a wonder that she was still flying.

The pilot, Charlie Brown, is for me, as precious as my brother was. Thanks, Charlie.

Your Brother,

Franz



Lt Franz Stigler

GUESS WHO?

See you in Tucson, Az
in 2014!



Born in New York City, originally planned to become a teacher after attending Columbia University. She first appeared in vaudeville, later moving to the Broadway stage. After graduating from American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1925, she found herself cast in the stage comedy *The Poor Nut*. Her big break came in the original Broadway production of *On Borrowed Time*. She later appeared with Henry Fonda in the play *Point of No Return*.

She had roles in more than a dozen films, as well as playing a range of supporting roles on television. Career highlights include her turn as Mrs. Barley in the film *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. In 1957 she played Nora Martin, mother to Eve Arden in the series *The Eve Arden Show*. That year she guest starred in the eighth episode of *Perry Mason* in *The Case of the Crimson Kiss*.

She had a love-hate relationship with her most famous role. As a New York actress, she felt her dramatic talents were overlooked. At the same time, she played the same role for eight seasons and was the only original cast member to remain with the series in another spin-off TV series, staying two additional seasons. In contrast to her affable character, she was

easily offended and the production staff took a "walking on eggshells" approach to dealing with her. She won the **Primetime Emmy Award Outstanding Performance by An Actress in a Supporting Role in a Comedy** in 1967. Her series co-star admitted that the two sometimes clashed during the series' run. According to the tv co-start (*Larry King Live*, April 24, 1998), she phoned him four months before she died, and said she was deeply sorry for being "difficult" during the series' run.

In 1972, she retired from acting and bought a home in Siler City, North Carolina. On choosing to live in North Carolina instead of her native New York, she said that, "I fell in love with North Carolina, all the pretty roads and the trees." She briefly returned to acting in 1974. She never married or had children. Somewhat awkward in one-on-one relationships, she was giving to charitable organizations and fans. Overly zealous fans however, often invaded both her property and privacy, and she became reclusive.

Her medical condition prevented her from taking part in the 1986 television movie which highlighted her career as an actress.

She had been a fan of Studebaker cars since the thirties. In her TV series, she drove her own 1966 Daytona two-door Sports Sedan. She kept this car in perfect state while alive and refused to purchase a new car when her driver suggested it. As her health failed it sat idle in her garage and was found with four flat tires, and a ruined interior from her many cats. It was auctioned for \$20,000 one year after her death, and is still in the same condition as it was found. The car remains as it was found. She was also a member of the Studebaker Drivers Club.

On November 22, 1989, she was admitted to Chatham Hospital. She suffered from both heart disease and cancer and was kept in the coronary care unit for two weeks. She was discharged on December 4, 1989, and died at her home two days later.

She is interred at Oakwood Cemetery in Siler City. Her headstone includes the name of her most famous role, and reads, *"To live in the hearts of those left behind is not to die."*

She was Francis Bavier – better known as Aunt Bee on the Andy Griffith Show.



The Boneyard

“It is not a Junkyard”

By Dick Peiffer

If you are like me, now and then you get an email with aerial photos of the “Boneyard” on Davis-Monthan AFB in Tucson, AZ. You might think as I did, about all those thousands of military airplanes awaiting destruction by a giant slicing knife, then carted off as scrap metal.

A few years ago, I toured the Boneyard and learned many of these stored aircraft return to active duty. No longer do we cut B-52s in pieces and let them sit for Russia to count by satellite.

The official name of this amazing 2,600-acre facility is the [309th Aerospace Maintenance and Regeneration Group](#), or 309AMARG, for short. Besides being a storage facility for aircraft until recalled for duty, AMARG performs maintenance on A-10s and a variety of C-130 models. They convert F-4s into target drones and support squadrons as a major parts supplier. Annually, AMARG ships thousands of parts with a value of millions to bases around the world. Foreign countries buy some aircraft, others generally those with a unique history, go to museums or for display at military bases.

When an aircraft arrives, it first goes to the wash area. Washing is important to remove any corrosive effects, particularly aircraft that serviced aboard carriers. Some of these arrivals remain on the ramp and never get to desert storage. They might return to active duty within weeks. Those headed for short or long-term storage, are “flushed” of fuel, and lightweight oil is added to protect all parts of the engine and fuel system. Ejection seat pyrotechnic devices are removed and any caustic chemicals drained. Some engines are stored separately in containers. Storage aircraft get a two stage sealing process. The first cover gaps and holes to block the intrusion of moisture or wildlife. The top white sealant protects from the desert heat, keeping the inside temperature to within 15° of the ambient temperature. Technicians work daily in the vast rows of aircraft, as “parts-pullers.” Inspected for hidden cracks or structural flaws, parts normally ship within three days. A critical part goes by overnight service. Parts to a war zone go by military aircraft.

Stealth aircraft like the now retired F-117 cannot be stored in the desert heat. They are flown to, and stored in, their original climate-controlled hangars at Tonopah Test Range in Nevada.

AMARG has a “history row” that includes many one-of-a-kind or historical aircraft. The facility also serves as an overflow for the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson, AFB, in Dayton, Ohio.

Our guide said AMARG is the only base that returns money to the taxpayer. He gave an example of the A-4 Skyhawk sold to a number of countries including The Republic of Singapore for nearly twice their production cost and after nearly 50 years of service with the Navy and Marine Corp.

Visitors can sign up for a bus tours across the highway at the [Pima Air and Space Museum](#). One of the largest museums in the world, covering 80 acres, it has over 300 aircraft on display. Buses travel a selected route through AMARG, make frequent stops to talk about aircraft, answer questions or pause for visitors to take photos from inside the bus - no one may leave the bus within the facility. Buses are required to give way to taxiing aircraft, sometimes extending the tour time. Our bus waited for a newly arrived F-16 to taxi to the wash area.

One really must see the Boneyard to appreciate its vastness and the sheer number of stored aircraft. I was happy to learn that not all of these majestic aircraft sit and wait to become scrap metal. Guides offer, “It is a supply warehouse. It is not a junkyard.” However, I have friends who delivered their aircraft to the Boneyard and each said it not a real happy trip. <http://www.dm.af.mil/units/amarc.asp>
<http://www.pimaair.org/view.php?pg=16>

R. J. “Dick” Peiffer was in the 601st Operations on Alpha Crew, from May 1954 to May 1957. Entered on duty with the FAA in 1958 in ATC and retired 1990. Then until 2003, he was a corporate pilot flying for a half dozen companies in a variety of business aircraft. Still an active pilot he gives required pilot flight reviews, instrument competency checks and conducts aviation safety seminars.



Those were the good ole days!

From an e-mail received from
Pphilak@aol.com

Dear Sir:—

We're writing this letter to you today because we want to help you get your money out of your Model T.

It's still as good a car as it was the day the new Model A Ford was announced and there's no need to sacrifice it.

The Model T Ford is still used by more people than any other automobile. Eight million are in active service right now and many of them can be driven one, two, three and five years and even longer.

Bring your car to us and let us look it over. You'll be surprised to see how little it costs to put it in tip-top shape.

New fenders, for instance, cost from \$3.50 to \$5.00 each, with a labor charge of \$1.00 to \$2.50. Tuning up the motor and replacing commutator case, brush and vibrator points costs only \$1.00, with a small charge for material. Brake shoes can be installed and emergency brakes equalized for a labor charge of only \$1.25. A labor charge of \$4.00 to \$5.00 will cover the overhauling of the front axle, rebushing springs and spring perches, and straightening, aligning and adjusting wheels.

The labor charge for overhauling the average rear axle runs from \$5.75 to \$7.00. Grinding valves and cleaning carbon can be done for \$3.00 to \$4.00.

A set of four new pistons and rings cost only \$7.00. For a labor charge of \$20 to \$25.00 you can have your motor and transmission completely overhauled. Parts are extra.

Very truly yours,

Bottineau, N. Dak.

C. R. GLEASON CO.

May 31, 1927, the last Ford Model T rolled off the assembly line. It was the first affordable automobile, due in part to the assembly line process developed by Henry Ford. It had 2.9-liter, 20-horsepower engine and could travel at speeds up to 45 miles per hour. It had a 10-gallon fuel tank and could run on kerosene, petrol, or ethanol, but it couldn't drive uphill if the tank was low, because there was no fuel pump; people got around this design flaw by driving up hills in reverse. Ford believed that "the man who will use his skill and constructive imagination to see how much he can give for a dollar, instead of how little he can give for a dollar, is bound to succeed." The Model T cost \$850 in 1909, and as efficiency in production increased, the price dropped. By 1927, you could get a Model T for \$290. "I will build a car for the great multitude," said Ford. "It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one - and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces.



MEMBERSHIP DUES

Your membership dues are still \$20.00. As you know, membership dues are due before **January 31st** of each year. If you haven't paid your dues, please do so as soon as possible, payable to **Howard Dickey**, 27382 450th St., Leonard, MN 56652. Howard is the Association Treasurer. Please **do not make** your check payable to the 601st-615th ACW Association since they are not acceptable by the bank. Thanks.

RADAR BLIPS...!

From: [francis x gosselin](mailto:francis.x.gosselin)
Sent: Saturday, March 09, 2013 10:46 AM
To: '[Wilfred Rodriguez](mailto:Wilfred.Rodriguez)'; '[FAY DICKEY](mailto:FAY.DICKEY)'
Cc: terry.troy@cox.net
Subject: space A flights

Military Standby Flights To Germany

Sat Mar 9, 2013 4:40 am (PST) . Posted by: "[Vaughn Rogers](mailto:Vaughn.Rogers)" btb rogers

Me and my spouse have taken Military Space Available Flights to Ramstein AB Germany for the past four years. For the past two years we departed from Baltimore Washington International (BWI) Airport and returned to that location on the same type of flights from Ramstein AB. McGuire AFB has an organization at BWI Airport and they have four contract flights per week going to Ramstein AB to transport military personnel and dependents. Also military retirees on space available basis. These flights are commercial type aircraft---Boeing 747s, Boeing 777s, Boeing 767s, other contract flights of similar type aircraft, etc. and they usually have about fifty seats available for standby passengers. We have departed on the same evenings that we checked in to the airport and did the same on one flight back from Ramstein, but had to wait one day for the return flight on the second trip. On the other two space available flights to Ramstein AB we departed from Charleston AFB, SC on C-17s. We departed on the day we checked in to base operations for the first trip, but on the second trip we had to wait a couple of days. On one return flight we departed on the same evening as we checked in, but on the second trip we were there a couple of days before we got a flight. However, on the second trip to Ramstein AB we could have taken flights to other parts of Europe, but we waited for the flight to Ramstein AB. We were lucky again on the return flights from Ramstein AB to Charleston AFB and returned without delays. We found out about the Contract Flights from BWI after the two flights from Charleston AFB and we have traveled on them out of BWI airport ever since. We traveled on flights after the summer vacations by the military personnel and dependents and students, therefore, space available seats were more readily attainable. September or October is the best time for space available seats to be available for flights to Europe and it is also the best time weather wise.

Vaughn A. Rogers (Buck)
CMSGT USAF RET

HELP!

Please help us keep the membership database current. If you changed your address, telephone numbers, e-mail address, add , or made any changes to your profile, please notify us by going to our web site, www.601st-615th-acw.org/index.html, and leaving us a message. This action will ensure that you receive all our correspondence as well as our newsletters.

**See you in Tucson, Az
in 2014!**

Water Displacement #40?

Sometimes the Web Search brings us more information that we can use. For example, what is Water Displacement #40?

The product began from a search for a rust preventative solvent and degreaser to protect missile parts.

WD-40 was created in 1953, by three technicians at the San Diego Rocket Chemical Company.

Its name comes from the project that was to find a Water Displacement Compound.

They were finally successful for a formulation, with their fortieth attempt, thus WD-40.

The Convair Company bought it in bulk to protect their atlas missile parts.

Ken East (one of the original founders) says there is nothing in WD-40 that would hurt you.

When you read the shower door part, try it.

It's the first thing that has ever cleaned that spotty shower door.

If yours is plastic, it works just as well as on glass.

It's a miracle!

Then try it on your stovetop.

It's now shinier than it's ever been.

You'll be amazed.



WD-40 Uses:

1. Protects silver from tarnishing.
2. Removes road tar and grime from cars.
3. Cleans and lubricates guitar strings.
4. Gives floor that 'just-waxed' sheen without making them slippery.
5. Keeps the flies off of cows, horses, and other farm critters, as well. (Ya gotta love this one!!!)
6. Restores and cleans chalkboards.
7. Removes lipstick stains.
8. Loosens stubborn zippers.
9. Untangles jewelry chains.
10. Removes stains from stainless steel sinks.
11. Removes dirt and grime from the barbecue grill.
12. Keeps ceramic / terracotta garden pots from oxidizing.
13. Removes tomato stains from clothing.
14. Keeps glass shower doors free of water spots.
15. Camouflages scratches in ceramic and marble floors.
16. Keeps scissors working smoothly.
17. Lubricates noisy door hinges on both home and vehicles doors.
18. It removes that nasty tar and scuff marks from the kitchen flooring.

It doesn't seem to harm the finish and you won't have to scrub nearly as hard to get them off.

Just remember to open some windows if you have a lot of

marks.

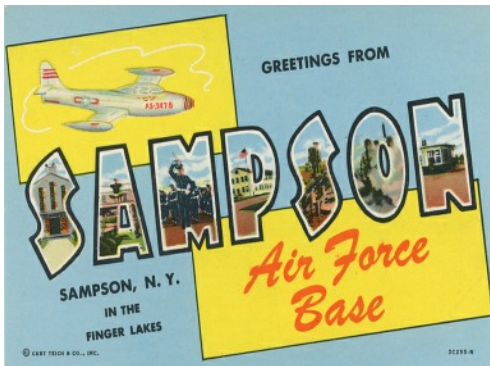
19. Remove those nasty Bug guts that will eat away the finish on your car if not removed quickly!
 20. Gives a children's playground gym slide a shine for a super fast slide.
 21. Lubricates gearshift and mower deck lever for ease of handling on riding mowers...
 22. Rids kids rocking chair and swings of squeaky noises.
 23. Lubricates tracks in sticking home windows and makes them easier to open.
 24. Spraying an umbrella stem makes it easier to open and close.
 25. Restores and cleans padded leather dashboards in vehicles, as well as vinyl bumpers.
 26. Restores and cleans roof racks on vehicles.
 27. Lubricates and stops squeaks in electric fans.
 28. Lubricates wheel sprockets on tricycles, wagons, and bicycles for easy handling.
 29. Lubricates fan belts on washers and dryers and keeps them running smoothly.
 30. Keeps rust from forming on saws and saw blades, and other tools.
 31. Removes grease splatters from stovetops.
 32. Keeps bathroom mirror from fogging.
 33. Lubricates prosthetic limbs.
 34. Keeps pigeons off the balcony (they hate the smell).
 35. Removes all traces of duct tape.
 36. Folks even spray it on their arms, hands, and knees to relieve arthritis pain.
 37. Florida's favorite use is: 'cleans and removes love bugs from grills and bumpers.'
 38. The favorite use in the state of New York, it protects the Statue of Liberty from the elements.
 39. WD-40 attracts fish. Spray a little on live bait or lures and you will be catching the big one in no time. Also, it's a lot cheaper than the chemical attractants that are made for just that purpose.
- Keep in mind though, using some chemical laced baits or lures for fishing are not allowed in some states.
40. Use it for fire ant bites. It takes the sting away immediately and stops the itch.
 41. It is great for removing crayon from walls. Spray it on the marks and wipe with a clean rag.
 42. Also, if you've discovered that your teenage daughter has washed and dried a tube of lipstick with a load of laundry, saturate the lipstick spots with WD-40 and rewash. Presto! The lipstick is gone!
 43. If you spray it inside a wet distributor cap, it will displace the moisture, allowing the engine to start.

As for that basic, main ingredientWell.... it's FISH OIL!

Who would have guessed?

The Sampson Story

Reprinted from the Airman's Book, dated 30 Sept – 7 Oct 1954, published by Taylor-made Armed Forces Publications, Taylor Publishing Company, Dallas Tex.



Its history is dotted with Navy “boots”, medicine, higher education and even agriculture – as

Then, with a record as a training center and a medical center already behind it in four years of operation, Sampson turned to still another field – high education. Sampson College, set up by the State of New York to absorb the flood of college students that resulted from the GI Bill of Rights, used part of Sampson's area from the fall of 1946 to 1949. In the latter year, Sampson entered still another field - agriculture – when the Commodity Credit Corporation used Sampson buildings to store a fifth of a million of bushels of surplus wheat.

well as “Basic Airmen USAF.” Sampson Air Force Base, was a sprawling military training center for the newly-enlisted airmen, traces its short but highly varied history back to the early days of 1942 when American's participation in World War II brought on a tremendous demand for basic training centers.



Finally, the day after Armistice day in 1950, Sampson found its present destiny with the Air Force. On that date, the Navy gave Sampson to the Air Force. On December 8, nearly 300 officers and airmen arrived at the Indoctrination Training Base, a \$2,677,000 refitting job started

But it was not to train airmen that the \$50,000,000 training center was erected in a record eight months periods back in 1942. The US Navy fathered Sampson as a Naval Training Station to train navy “boots”. Named after Admiral William T Sampson, Spanish-American War Atlantic Fleet Commander, a native of Palmyra, New York, Sampson began training its first “boot” in October, 1942.

January 7, 1951 and facilities were whipped into shape fast – so fast that the first trainees arrived February 1, to receive an eight weeks course

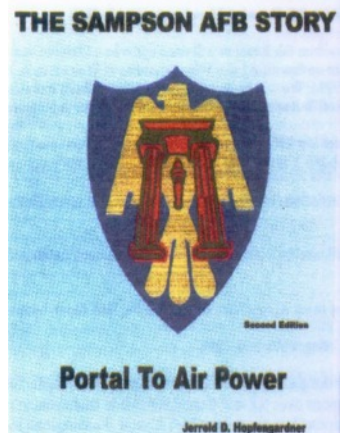


preparing them for advanced Air Force technical training. At the height of the Korean emergency, Sampson was training as many as 25,000 young airmen at once. Sampson was decommissioned in 1954, but became the Air Force's largest basic training center – truly the nation's Portal to Air Power!

During the course of World War II, some half-million sailors received their primary Naval Training at Sampson.

As victory neared in 1945, the navy called a halt to boot training at Sampson and the huge installation began the first of a series of transitions that was eventually to see it training more airmen than any other Air Force Base in the world.

The Navy continued operating Sampson until early 1946, utilizing its medical facilities to maintain a 1,500-bed hospital for tuberculosis patients. In 1946, the Veterans Administration took over the medical facilities and later that year, the VA relinquished the hospital to New York's Williard State Hospital, which placed about 1,000 mental patients in the former Naval buildings.



A UFO INCIDENT AT ROTHWESTEN

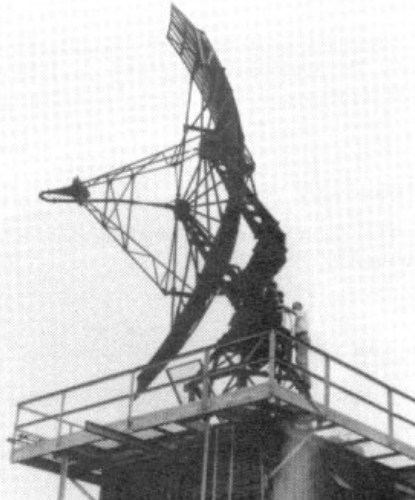


By
William Hanson

The National Investigations committee On Aerial Phenomena has a web site: <http://www.nicap.org>

In their list of sightings for the year 1957 is one by the 601st AC&W Squadron at Rothwesten, Germany. Below is a recap of the incident followed by a link to some recorded documents.

12:01 p.m. local time. (601st AC&W Squadron) The first target was initially detected on AN/MPS-11 and AN/MPS-14 (?) radar at 22 miles SW of Merseberg Sovzone Airfield, at 100 degrees azimuth at 70 nautical miles. This radar blip split into two targets on a parallel course on separation. The flight path was to the north. The speed of the targets were from 2,000 to 3,000 nmph. At 6:42 p.m. (1742Z), a high speed target was detected on the AN/MPS-11 radar at 100 degrees at 135 nautical miles with a flight path to the north. The height indicator showed the target at 60,000 feet, changing to 63,000 feet. This sighting lasted for 2 minutes. There was an unusual amount of electronic interference which the radar maintenance officer was able to explain except for the target being reported. At 6:53 p.m. (1753Z), a high speed blip was detected on the AN/MPS-11 radar at 131.5 degrees at 136 nautical miles. Flight of the blip was to the NE at an estimated speed of 5,300 nmph. (The report form does say 5,300 nautical miles per minute.) This sighting lasted for 1 minutes plus. There was an unusual amount of electronic interference which the radar maintenance officer was able to explain except for the target being reported. All the targets painted as normal aircraft. (McDonald list; FUFOR Index)



To the documents:

http://www.nicap.org/docs/571114rothwesten_docs.pdf

Some comments by a couple of people who were there at that time:

By Bill Hamiter:

"At one time or another, I worked with all of these men. I don't remember ever being on the crew with Capt. Greenfield but am sure I was with Lt. Rumstein and S/Sgt Floeck. M/sgt. Romanof was in the intelligence section but not on an Ops crew. Of course, Major Wolfe was Ops Officer .You probably remember some of them. Also Chaplain Hunt and Lt. Dunlap were there at this time too. Maybe Irv came a little later than this."

By Ron Wilson:

"I was stationed with the 601st AC&W during the time

period mentioned, however my assignment late in '57 was at the MSQ site in Wunstorf. I did not know any of the officers mentioned in the reports with the exception of 1/Lt Rumstein. I considered him a reliable officer, but had a limited confidence in the reliability of the radar equipment itself. The radiation pattern of the Planned Position Indicator (PPI), MPS-11, was in 3 teardrop shaped lobes. These lobes had considerable gaps which grew wider as range extended. We considered the unit to be effective for only about 250 NM. We experienced

considerable interference of various types and origins in those days. We had considerable difficulty tracking "skin paints", and frequently lost our target during attempted intercepts. We relied heavily on the IFF (transponder) returns while controlling our fighters, but frequently lost our bogey, especially if he were performing evasive maneuvers. I point this out only to say that I would have low reliance on any such targets being observed on the MPS-11. In fact, I recall a couple of times seeing some returns indicating very fast moving vehicles. Generally they would only be observed during very few sweeps of the antenna. As I recall, the antenna rotated only about 4-5 rpm. (My recollections go back 55 years, so

specifics get a little vague). They were generally dismissed as "rabbits", i.e. electronic interference.

Having said all the above, I did have one experience early in '57 when the airman operating the height finder (MPS-14?) which had a very narrow beam, I think about 3 degrees, and a much longer range than the PPI, I think around 300 NM, called me to the floor to point out a target descending from somewhere above 60,000 feet. We had no aircraft that could operate at that altitude as far as I knew. Our fighters could only operate in the vicinity of 45,000 ft. as far as I knew. I recall expressing as much to the operator, and suggested that he was looking at another "rabbit". He insisted that it was an aircraft, so I instructed that he plot the track, and call it into the JOC. As the track progressed toward the ADIZ from the east, I instructed the NCOIC to call for a scramble, and went to my scope to prepare to receive the fighters. After some delay, I asked the status of the fighters, and was told that the scramble had been scrubbed. I then instructed that they reinstate the scramble as the target had now entered the US Zone.

There was another short delay whereupon the Sgt. handed me the phone and said someone wanted to speak to me. The voice on the other end identified himself as Col. ?? at JOC. While he was speaking, I heard someone in the background say "U2". I didn't know what that was,

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but the Col. instructed me to take the plot down; to take all the plot records to the incinerator; and not to brief the incoming crew of the incident; and further that if I ever spoke of the incident to anyone he "would see me in Ft. Leavenworth" (military prison). We did, however, continue to follow the track down to 5,000 ft over Wiesbaden AFB. I was the only jet qualified junior officer in the squadron and was assigned to Wiesbaden for flight proficiency. In one case, while holding in take-off position, I observed the black U-2 landing and being towed into an obscure hangar at the far end of the field. I subsequently saw the U-2s on several occasions. One time I was with a major from USAFE HQ and knew that he was with an airborne recon unit. While one of the aircraft was landing, I asked him if that was a U-2. He turned and glared at me, saying "where did you hear that name?" I said "I'm from Gunpost, and we know stuff." He never answered me, and I quickly dropped the subject. I never said a word about it to anyone else until after Gary Francis Powers was shot down over Russia.

Could the previous incidents have been evidence of some other super secret vehicle? Who knows!?"

I might add that in those "cold war" days, we were playing cat and mouse with the Russians. Our radar was considered tactical in that it was supposed to be transportable. That was true if you consider 2-3 days for disassembly and loading on transport vehicles, and another 2-3 days to re-assemble. Our radars were being used for air defense which was truly beyond their capability.

Tactics in those days required us to make a 90 degree intercept angle on our adversary. That was because the weapons we were using were unguided rockets. We required the largest target possible, i.e. broadside. I believe the fighters would volley launch their rockets, shotgun effect, hoping to get a "lucky hit". I believe that is why we launched flights of 4 or more fighters, giving us a few more shots.

There were three major problems with that approach. The first was that there could be considerable difference between the heading of the target and the track. All we could see on our scope was track. The second was the fighters (F86D) required about a 25 mi run-in approach in order to lock on to the target. Even a slight amount of maneuvering by the bogey would cause a tremendous change in the approach position by the fighters. I remember Lt. Rumstein trying to build some sort of device that could solve some of the variables, but of course the real solutions would have required computers and guided missiles.

The last and most troubling problem was in tracking both the bogey and the fighters. The fighters were generally launched in flights of 2 to 4 planes due to the problems mentioned above. We tracked the fighters via IFF (Identification Friend Foe) which only had 4 modes. Mode 4 was reserved for emergency only, thus we were limited to only 3 modes for identification. Current transponders have thousands of codes.

My first assignment was 615 AC&W at Prum. Our fighters were based at Bitburg and our area of scan was generally east of Frankfurt. The Canadians had a fighter base at Metz, France, and a much more powerful radar (Type 80) with the same area of responsibility. The problem was that there was no communication between Prum (Barber) and Metz.

One incident occurred when we scrambled on a bogey and I was at my scope awaiting identification of the fighters which consisted of "squawk one, squawk two, squawk three---ident" The problem was that only the flight leader squawked, and we later determined that the leader's IFF was inoperative. In the meantime the Canadians scrambled on the same bogey and went through the same procedure.

The fighters appeared not exactly where I expected, but were on the heading I had given them. Since we were not talking to the other guys, I naturally misidentified the Canadians as our guys. Since they were after the same bogey, they seemed to be following my instructions.

In the meantime the bogey was fading in and out, but shortly I got a good skin paint on him. (As it turned out the skin paint was on our 4 US fighters) and the chase was on. We were chasing our own tail. The bogey crossed into the East Zone about 100 mi ahead of "my guys". When "my guys" hit the ADIZ (Air Defense Identification Zone), I gave them a 180 degree turn, thus abandoning the "chase". This happened frequently. Like I said, both sides played cat and mouse.

When I gave "my guys" the 180 turn, they did so, but so did the bogey. With that I go "Oops!" Shortly I hear the flight leader command his flight to "Go afterburner now!" As they crossed back into our side, the leader said "Barber, when we get on the ground, I want to talk to you on the land line." When we talked, he said he saw the Migs coming off the runway at Eisenach after them.

The Col. never asked to talk to me, but I think he had some explaining to do to Wing HQ. He had his own story, but did not want to hear mine. Next day I was shipped to the 601st at Rothwesten. Some months later I was talking to another controller from the 615th and he said "Don't worry about that. Shortly after another guy ran 8 fighters into the East Zone."

I guess our unintentional errors caused more than a little consternation among the Russians as well.

One other vivid recollection I have was when the height finder at Prum got turned around toward our Jamesway operations building, and every time it rocked, all the fluorescent lights would come on. I don't know what amount of radiation we got, but I never had any children.

All I can say is I'm glad we never got into a shooting war in those days. If we had, our only hope would have been that the Russians were more mucked up than we were.

